Boston. July 7. 1839.
Sunday evening.

Dear Deborah,

I cannot tell you precisely how I expect to send this letter, but you will know when you receive it. I expect now somewhat, to send it by Mr Bradburn - I hope he may find time to call, as, of course, you will be glad to see a faithful brother (as I suppose). I believe I have not written to you since the 4th. I came in town the evening before found Caroline gone to Scituate, Lucia & Emma in town - I worked all the evening on my grasscloth. Collins called. The next morning rose early & finished my gown. It does very well tho' a part of the waist is coarser than the rest. At 9 we all assembled at Chardon St. There was but a small audience which I regretted on Bradburn's account, but he seemed not to care. Almost every body was out of town. Then too, 9 is an inconvenient hour. He gave a good, sensible, argumentative discourse, which is to be published in the Liberator. Mr Pierpont read Garrison's hymn & the Declaration of Sentiment & Mr Sanborn the Dr's uncle made the prayer, a very funny production, but it passed well enough. A collection was taken up Mr Pierpont talking all the while - to say the truth he appeared willing to do every & any thing for the cause. I liked his behaviour. Mary Chapman, Mrs Child & Lucia & I called at Henrietta's. She is better, quite well. Edmund Quincy & Mr Sanborn dined with us. We celebrated the day by ice after dinner - Mr S. expatiated much on the beauty of my aunts "beautiful, blooming girls they were," said he, & how he advised the Dr to marry one of

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them. Edmund was very agreeable, but I grew so sleepy that I was obliged to go & lie down before he went away— This keeping school fatigues me so, that I am more inclined under any extra fatigue to grow sleepy. Mama, Mary, Emma & Lucia went to some charitable fair or other. In the evening I went a few minutes on the Common to see the fireworks, but it was so damp I staid but a few minutes. What I saw was fine. The next morning I went out to Dorchester. It is a settled thing now between Mr W & myself that the Mondays that I come from Boston, I cannot get there till 10. I kept all day. At noon I had my invitation to my first Dorchester party— But I could not accept, for as I was out only for that day all my best things were in town. I was rather sorry for it was at Mrs Sumner's & all Boston was there— the Lawrences & Boardmans & Normans' & I know not whom. But I wrote a polite excuse. When I got in town, I found Mrs Child taking tea here and that we were all invited to F. Jackson's, a party given I suppose, to Bradburn. Henry, Maria, Caroline Lucia & I went. Also M. Chapman— Mr & Mrs Garrison, Phebe Jackson of Providence who is visiting them, Mr Collins & Mrs Child made up the party. We had a good time. Saturday I did not go out because of the rain. but Henry invited a small number in the evening. Your letter by Mrs Hastings, I forgot to remark came the morning after the 4th before I left town— and on Saturday I found your letter to me in a drawer. Mama never gives us the letters, but when we come in town, we search the house. I will try to have all the things you want sent. Collins is now having the petitions printed. They will probably be out tomorrow. Your letter to M. by mail came safe. I had a

letter from Dr Farnsworth Saturday which I will send you.
You can return it the first chance. In your present condition
it may interest you. I find that Mr Wilder's next vacation will
be a fortnight. Should I conclude to stay in D. another
term I should pass part of the vacation at Groton. Saturday
night our party consisted of Mr Jackson Bradburn, Mr & Mrs
Merriam, Harriet Jackson, (Eliza's sister) Mrs Child, Mary and
her father. Mr Garrison – Johnson, Collins – We had beautiful
vanilla ice – strawberries & cherries – I had considerable talk
with Bradburn and liked him very well. It is not so diffi
cult to talk with him as at first appears. He is a Restorationist
as to religion, but appears very philosophical in his tendencies.
Mrs Collins came to town last night but was too tired to come
here. This morning Henry and Caroline & Lizzy went to Weymouth
& have not yet returned – Mrs Child staid here all night &
she & I went to Mr Pierponts. He preached tolerably. I did
not go out this afternoon. Mrs Child took tea here. Mr Cha[illegible]
man called & sent great love to you. I shall try to come in to
our meeting next Wednesday if possible tho' I know of nothing to be done.
I shall go to Weymouth next Friday. I shall be glad to have
you do my silk gown as soon as your convenience permits, for I
feel a little unsafe without as my grass cloth goes to be done
up tomorrow. True, it will soon be back; you will of course
send it carefully packed & put to rights, so it shan't get in-
jured. – They have got home from Weymouth, left all well.
Grandma is better. Aunt P. much the same. Saturday morning
Hervey arrived from New Haven. He is very thin, but looking
pretty well. He does not go back to N. H. again. He has taken
his degree, but of course, has no part. He went to Weymouth in the

afternoon & is going to remain there awhile. Emma went out with Mr Knights Henry, & Warren in the Omnibus. Tell Mary Cowden that I will get the slipper pattern as soon as I can, but I have it not now - I suppose she means the oval? or is it the rose bud. I will send the tea kettle pattern next time - I sent to N's for it but Lucia forgot it. - Last night Garrison read some letters from Gerrit Smith's which were very interesting - Gerrit is still very foggy about Non Resistance but will come right I think. Caroline called at Mrs Garrison's yesterday and there saw Sylvia Ammidon. Sylvia is pretty much of a peeler.

Miss Deborah Weston.
Care of James H. Howland.
New Bedford.

Mr Bradburn.

A. W. Weston
July 7th 1839

The Lyons continue very kind to me. The school is somewhat hard, but the last day Mr Wilder put me into the little room where he has usually been. and he keeps the order of the school. which saves me a good deal. — 11 or 12 weeks — J. W. F. Mellen & Bradburn have just been here, and we have had a good deal of talk about Phrenology - This letter will come I dare say by Bradburn. Write every chance you have. Yrs ever A. W. W

Ms. A.9.2.v.11 p.133